

Morphine Alarms by ActionGerard

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-12-29

Updated: 2017-12-29

Packaged: 2022-04-03 15:07:32

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,980

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

WARNINGS: Character death, lots of flying metaphors, and like sadness. Seriously.

Morphine Alarms

Author's Note:

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11. 14. 84.

"Do you remember the first time that we met?"

"You already told me that," Will chuckled, but ended up into a fit of harsh coughs, making Mike tighten his grip on Will's hand.

It was weird, Will thought, when he decided that Mike's hand on his was so much better than any medication his doctor was giving him. So much better than the tubes covering his arms, or the small grams of morphine being injected into his body to numb the pain down a little bit. It made him feel as if he would *live*, and that was saying something, because he wasn't even fooling himself with that lie anymore.

"I know," Mike sighed, brushing the stray hair on Will's face aside. "I just like remembering it."

Will smiled weakly at him. "You think you can share that story in my funeral?"

"Will, that's not funny," Mike chastised, looking like he was on the verge of crying. Will felt bad almost instantly. "Stop saying that, okay?"

"Sorry."

Sometimes, when Will was alone at nights, when his mom was fast asleep beside him and his brother was out there sweating and bleeding for them to be able to pay their hospital bills, Will thought about flying.

Flying was good, right?

Flying meant freedom and happiness and *serenity* - something he hadn't had for a while. Flying meant going to places he wasn't able to go to, flying meant reaching the stars. Flying meant leaving dark and twisted pasts, even if that meant leaving everything behind.

Besides, wasn't that what everyone wanted?

"You ever thought about flying, Mike?" He asked after a few minutes of silence, making Mike look at him.

And once again, he could see the colours swirling inside Mike's eyes that beat all the other colours in the world. The freckles marking his skin - as if specs of star dusts sprinkled all over his cheeks to create new constellations - like maps of the entire galaxy Will would want to live in.

He could see just see... *Mike*.

Just Mike Wheeler.

And that was enough.

It made him feel as if flying was a lot less calmer compared to seeing this boy. It seemed like Mike Wheeler was the actual personification of the quiet in the middle of a tornado. Like Mike was chaste kisses and silent conversations and peaceful moments tied together.

It was as if Mike could do so much without even doing anything.

"Not as much as you do, probably," Mike let out a soft laugh. "Why, you want to fly, Byers?"

Yes, he thought. "It just... It will feel nice, I think."

"Maybe," Mike replied, looking at Will calculatingly before adding, "But that would mean leaving me, or your mom or Jonathan. It would mean leaving Hawkins. Leaving us."

"You can fly away with me."

Will really hoped Mike would say no.

"Yeah," Mike smiled softly, caressing Will's face. "I'd actually like that."

Will liked it too, of course, but he didn't have the heart to tell Mike that sooner, he'd be flying on his own. That he had to leave everything behind - leave Mike behind. That sometimes, you just had to be strong enough and just... *fly*.

So, he smiled instead and looked at his best friend, and even that hurt a lot.

11. 18. 84.

"Do you remember the first time that we met?"

Will smiled softly. "I do. You looked like a dork."

Mike feigned offense, putting a hand on his chest and shaking his head for emphasis, as he said, "You wound me, Byers."

"But you do," Will laughed lightly. *It hurt.* Moving hurt, talking hurt,

even the slightest movement hurt a lot, but that was okay. He liked hearing Mike's voice anyway. A little more pain would be worth it. "You were wearing like three layers of coat or something, and your hair - I miss your curly hair."

Mike grinned. "You look really cute, like pocket sized. I want three of you."

"That would be weird."

"I wish we could go back to the playground," Mike said almost sadly, looking down at his fidgeting hands. "Just like, remembering. You know, like it's the first day of kindergarten again. Be carefree and happy and innocent."

"Maybe, we can," Will offered weakly. *I hope we could*, he thought bitterly.

Mike smiled, although it looked kind of forced. Will missed Mike's genuine smile - *bright, really bright, like the sun* - and he felt bad for being the reason why Mike lost that. "We can't. Mrs. Byers will kill me."

Smile for me, please, he thought.

They stayed together in silence, staring at the ceilings, staring at their intertwined hands, staring at each other. Growing up, he didn't quite like being stared at - it made him feel conscious, made him feel

anxious - but *this*? This felt more comfortable.

"Do you think things will ever be back to normal?" Will asked quietly, hopelessly.

"Of course," Mike assured him, smiling gently. "We'll go biking again, raid arcades again, and we'll play D & D. I'm actually writing new campaigns, you know? Lucas and Dustin said they couldn't wait." He paused all of a sudden. "They really missed you, you know."

"I miss them too."

Mike looked down, playing with Will's fingers slowly. It was weird seeing Will like this, he thought - pale and dull and almost lifeless - despite the fact that he was seeing Will in this current state every day.

"That's why you have to get well real soon," Mike smiled, ruffling Will's hair softly. "Got to kick harder, Byers. You know I'm here for you, right?"

"Of course." Will smiled.

Will... He still thought about flying, about how he really wanted to fly sooner or later - sooner, hopefully. He still thought about reaching the stars, those that couldn't compare to the boy in front of him. He still thought about being free and alive, in the most ironic sense.

Still, he never told Mike about it again.

He kept on remembering the tale of Icarus, how he fell in love with flying, how he wasn't supposed to fly.

How he fell.

He fell hard.

But at least he felt what it was like to fly, right? At least, in the last of his hours, he was free. He was... *happy*.

11. 21. 84.

"Do you remember the first time that we met?"

"Yes," Will rasped out, putting all of his energy out just to talk to Mike. He felt tired, exhausted in all kinds of senses, and he just wanted to sleep.

He just wanted to fly.

"Do you mind telling me that story again?"

Mike looked at him worriedly, never letting go of his hand once. "Are you sure you just don't want to sleep? I think you need to rest. You look really tired."

Will fought the urge to tell Mike that he looked just as bad - dark circles around his eyes from restless nights, and disheveled hair that Mike didn't even bother combing. Still, Mike looked as stunning as always.

"I'm okay, Mike."

Mike sighed.

"It was - we were just kids, you know?" Mike started, smiling sadly at Will. "Kindergarten, to be exact. I felt really anxious that time before I even knew what that word meant. I was scared, and friendless, and lonely."

"You look really small, too," Will grinned weakly. "Now you're like, really tall."

"Yeah, but you were smaller than me," Mike laughed softly, and God, did Will love the sound of that - he missed that. Mike was thumbing the back of Will's hand as he continued, "And then I saw you on the

swings, and I approached you. I was scared to even try to talk to you, you know? So, I used the swing beside you, and I was just watching you."

"I asked you if you wanted to be my friend," Mike smiled fondly. "I was scared you'd say no and avoid me, but you smiled and said yes. I was so happy that day, I even went home and told my mom about it."

"I don't think I would've said no," Will replied, before coughing hard. *It hurt, God, it hurt a lot.*

"Hey, you're okay?" Mike asked again, concern and worry painted in his face. "It's okay, really, if you want to rest now. I'll just stay here and wait for you to wake up."

"I'm fine, Mike," Will reassured him, squeezing Mike's hand - or at least he tried - and smiled, "I promise."

Mike pressed a chaste kiss on his forehead.

"For the record," Mike said, "It was still the best thing I've ever done."

Will only smiled.

"Don't ever leave, okay? Please, don't give up," Mike rested his head against Will's, whispering, "I don't think I'll - please, don't be gone. Please."

"You're wetting my face, silly," Will chuckled, but Mike didn't change his position. He wished they could stay like this forever, close enough for safety but not too close for discomfort. He wished he had more time, wished things were just back to how they should be, but he knew it didn't work like that. "Stop crying, Mike."

Mike was too tired to even argue with Will that he *wasn't crying, there were dusts in his eyes.*

"I'm serious, Byers," Mike sniffled, shaking lightly. "Don't be gone."

Will smiled sadly.

He never stopped thinking about flying, and he thought of how he would be able to fly soon. He wouldn't want to think about it too - he didn't want to think of how he had to leave, of how it would make Mike feel. He wouldn't want his mom to cry, or Jonathan, didn't want to be forgotten at all.

He didn't really want to leave.

But it seemed as if his wings were already delivered, and he knew he had to take flight. Still, he didn't understand.

Why did he feel so flightless?

11. 30. 84.

"Do you remember the first time that we met?"

Mike let out a quiet sob, trying to stop the tears from falling as he tightly held on to Will's jacket - the familiarity and the foreign feeling overwhelming in his hands.

He couldn't do this, he thought. Not in front of these people, not when Will wouldn't even listen to him. He couldn't. *He couldn't*.

"I'm," He gasped, only stopping because *too much, too much, too much*. That was it. That was what today was all about. Too much. "I'm sorry, I can't."

Beside him, Dustin and Lucas engulfed him in a tight embrace, murmuring words of reassurances - those that didn't quite help, because no, they were wrong. It wasn't going to be okay. It was *never* going to be okay.

He felt as if he was disappointing Will, like he was breaking an unspoken promise. *He broke that promise first*, he thought bitterly. *He broke that promise first*.

He felt as if he was going to explode. Like his tiny body couldn't

contain the sudden burst of emotions flowing inside - *anger, hopelessness, desperation, betrayal*. He thought maybe this was what Nancy felt like when Barb had disappeared - when she was *gone*.

But that was different.

Nancy didn't love Barb.

At least, not in a way Mike had felt with Will.

And it hurt - *so, so much*. He hated that he was feeling this way, but at the same time, he was enduring it. He was loving it. It was punishment, in a way, and he thought he deserved that.

Jonathan Byers was saying something Mike couldn't make up in front. He was too busy, too tired, too hurt.

It was just too much.

Too much.

Much more than what he felt the first time they met. More anxiety, more fear, more pain. He didn't think he could handle it all at once.

Because on that dreadful day of the thirtieth of November, Will Byers

took flight, and Mike Wheeler couldn't do anything but let go.

Author's Note:

Listen to the song if you have time and scream at me
in the comment section. Hope you liked it. ❤